

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Harlem Streets"

### [Verse 1]

Yeah.... Harlem streets stay flooded in white powder  
Like those motherfuckers running away from the Twin Towers  
    Gun shots rock the earth like a meteor shower  
    Bowling For Columbine, fair, giving the media power  
    Innocence devoured like a chicken spot snack box  
    Government cocaine cooked into ghetto crack rock  
    Corrupt cops false testimony at your arraignment  
Check to check, constant struggle to make the payments  
Working your whole life wondering where the day went  
The subway stays pakced like a multi-cultural slave ship  
    It's rush hour, 2:30 to 8, non stoppin'  
And people coming home after corporate share croppin  
    And fuck flossin, mothers are trying to feed children  
    But gentrification is kicking them out of their building  
    A generation of babies born without health care  
Families homeless, thrown the fuck off of the welfare

### [Hook]

Homicide Harlem, BLAOW!, what's the problem?  
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Homicide Harlem, BLAOW!, what's the problem?  
Homicide Harlem, BLAOW!, what's the problem?

### [Verse 2]

It's like Cambodia the killing fields uptown  
We live in distress and hang the flag upside down  
The sound of conservative politicians on television  
People in the hood are blind so they tell us to listen  
    They vote for us to go to war instantly  
    But none of their kids serving the infantry  
    The odds are stacked against us like a casino  
    Think about it, most of the army is black and latino  
    And if you can't acknowledge the reality of my words  
    You just another stupid mother fucker out on the curb  
Trying to escape from the ghetto with your ignorant ways  
    But you can't read history at an illiterate stage  
    And you can't raise a family on minimum wage  
Why the fuck you think most of us are locked in a cage  
    I give niggaz the truth, cause they pride is indigent  
    You better off rich and guilty than poor and innocent  
But I'm sick of feeling impotent watching the world burn  
    In the era of apocalypse waiting my turn  
I'm a Harlem nigga that's concerned with the future  
And if your in my way it'd be an honor to shoot ya  
    Up root ya with the evil that grows in my people  
    Making them deceitful, cannibalistic and lethal

But I see through the mentality implanted in us  
And I educate my fam about who we should trust

*[Hook]*

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